

## NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.  
PROPRIETOR.

Volume XXXV.....No. 6

## ADVERTISEMENTS THIS EVENING.

SILVER GARDEN, Broadway.—THE DRAMA OF

LITTLE EDNA.

WOOD'S MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE, Broadway, corner

Third and Madison streets. Performance every evening.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—HERO, THE SAVAGE—

CHIEF OF THE TIGER.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 14th street.—

THE SONG OF THE SONGS.

THE FARMY, Fourteenth street.—THE BULLDOG

OF BAD DICK.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner of Fifth Avenue and

23d street.—LINDA'S BULLDOG COMBINATION.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, 23d st., between 5th and 6th ave.—

HAMILTON.

OLIVIERO THEATRE, Broadway.—THE WRITING ON

THE WALL.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth st.—THE

BUTTERFLY.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.—

MUCH ADO ABOUT A MERCHANT OF VENICE, &amp;c.

TONY PASTORE'S OPERA HOUSE, 31 Bowery.—COMIC

VOCALISM, NEGRO MINSTREL, &amp;c.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 31 Bowery.—COMIC VOCALISM,

NEGRO MINSTREL, &amp;c.

ERFANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Tammany Building, 14th

st.—BANTON'S MINSTRELS.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, 33 Broadway.—ETHIOPIAN

MINSTREL, NEGRO SONGS, &amp;c.—HALL.

NEW YORK CIRCUS, Fourteenth street.—EQUESTRIAN

AND GYMNASTIC PERFORMANCES, &amp;c.

HOOVER'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn.—HOOVER'S

MINSTREL, &amp;c.—DECEASED VICTIM, &amp;c.

APOLLO HALL, corner 23d street and Broadway.—THE

CARRYING CLAY.

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 315 Broadway.—

SCIENCE AND ART.

LADIES' NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 315

Broadway.—FEMALE ONLY IN ATTENDANCE.

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## A Contrast—General Grant and President Grant.

General Grant throughout the war and up to the time of his election to the Presidency was justly regarded as a thoroughly representative American. On all questions in which the honor, glory and progress of his country were involved he was American to the core. He had none of the contracted ideas of New England sectional politicians, no affinity with European or monarchical institutions, prejudices or habits of thought. Raised in the great West, he had the broad and sturdy republican ideas of that section. His patriotism was elevated, and, like the region of country where he had his home, was wide in its range and as comprehensive as its destiny. He had no narrow views of American policy or progress, and, like all true Western men, believed in the manifest destiny of this mighty republic. Such a man was General Grant when he re-entered the army at the commencement of the late war, and all through his glorious military career till he reached the Presidency.

It will be remembered how truly this lofty American patriotism of General Grant was shown in the case of the French occupation of Mexico. He regarded the invasion of that neighboring republic by the French and the setting up of a monarchy on our border by a European Power as a gross insult to the United States, as a blow at republican government on this Continent and as a violation of the Monroe doctrine. He said, in fact, it was a part of the war against the United States, and that the war would not be completely finished till the French and their imperial system were driven from Mexican soil. Acting upon these views he boldly proposed to march an army to the Rio Grande to drive the French out of Mexico. At that time he had no fear of war with any European nation. He would have risked a war with France in defence of American republicanism and institutions; yes, to defend those in a neighboring country, though we had no difficulty with France ourselves apart from this question, he would have risked a war with the greatest Power in Europe to defend and protect American republicanism. A thrill of pride and admiration ran through the hearts of our people when the great captain of the war thus proclaimed his fearless and lofty American patriotism. He knew that France could not measure swords with the United States, if even Napoleon had been foolish enough to try the experiment. He knew, in fact, that all Europe combined could not conquer this republic, or even land any considerable force on its shores. But whatever the risk or cost, he was ready then to defend republican principles in America and the established policy of his country.

What a change has come over General Grant since he became President! Or rather what a change has taken place since last spring or summer! In the case of Cuba he seems to have forgotten his high-toned American principles and policy. He seems to quail before an insignificant Power like Spain, and to abandon the cause of republican liberty in America from fear of the least difficulty. How are the mighty fallen! Yet, when we speak of the President we would rather say his administration, for we cannot believe his nature is changed, and still think that in his heart he wishes the independence of Cuba. There is every reason to fear he has been and is influenced in his anti-Cuban and un-American policy by certain members of his Cabinet and the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Secretary of State, Attorney General Hoar and Mr. Sumner have misled him, no doubt, by a cunning and persistent system of misrepresentation. The position they have assumed on the Cuban question and their outspoken hostility to the Cuban cause leave no doubt about that. Then, it is known that while the lamented General Rawlins lived and was a member of the Cabinet the President manifested great interest in the Cubans, and went so far even as to intimate last summer to the Spanish government, through our Minister at Madrid, that the United States would have to recognize the Cubans before long. With the death of his friend, the noble Rawlins, the President appears to have fallen completely under the influence of the pro-Spanish members of the Cabinet and Mr. Sumner. Hence was perpetrated that outrage upon the feelings and sentiment of the American people in letting loose the thirty gunboats from our shores to crush, if possible, the rising republic of Cuba; hence the overstrained and extraordinary efforts that have been made to prevent the Cuban patriots from getting any supplies from this country, and hence the deaf ear the administration has turned to the appeals of the American press and public and the Cubans.

Now, the question is, will the President hereafter follow the promptings of his own heart, or those blind, narrow-minded and prejudiced men that surround him? The Cubans are entitled to recognition, for they have an organized government and have fought for upwards of fifteen months, heroically and with remarkable success, the war for republican freedom. On reasonable international grounds they are entitled to this; but the government ought to take bolder and higher ground than that. It ought to follow the sympathies and wish of the American people, and aid, directly or indirectly, the cause of liberty in Cuba. A million and a half of people, American born, almost within sight of our coast, who have never been allowed the smallest right of self-government, and who have been under the heel of the worst despotism in the world, cry to us for help, or at least for recognition. We can give this without danger or inconvenience. Ought we not to do it? But if we lay aside all sentiment—if we choose to say we care nothing for a brave and suffering people struggling for freedom, or for the progress of American republicanism—and look at this matter in a selfish point of view only, there are the strongest reasons for securing the independence and annexation of Cuba. It would be the most valuable possession the United States could acquire. Its internal and natural wealth is incalculable, its developed resources vast, its commerce very large, and in a naval and military point of view it is the key of the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea and the whole of the Antilles. Our interest in every way, and on a large scale would be promoted by the independence and recognition of Cuba. Any other nation in the world simi-

larly situated would not hesitate a moment to seize such an opportunity as Cuba presents to promote its interests and to increase its power and grandeur. If the President cannot comprehend what is our national policy with regard to Cuba, it is to be hoped Congress will.

## The Democratic Opening at Albany—The Good Time Coming.

"Oh! be joyful," ye long-waiting and long-suffering democracy! A full swing at Albany, and the first full democratic swing for twenty odd years! Legislature, Governor, State officers, judiciary, all right, and Tammany master over everything, and Peter the ring-master of Tammany. The fashionable fall opening of our pretty milliners is lovely; the social opening of the New Year in Gotham is delightful; the spring opening of the St. Lawrence is magnificent, and the summer opening of the watering places is the opening of a glorious harvest to railways, steamboats, hotels, hack drivers and baggage smashers; but all these openings are eclipsed in loveliness, deliciousness, magnificence and glory by the grand and glorious opening of the democracy in full swing at Albany. It beats the opening of Congress, for it covers a margin of five hundred millions of money in jobs and spoils; it casts into the shade the opening of the British Parliament or the French Chambers; yea, it bangs out the opening of the Suez Canal.

Mayor Hall has only modestly hinted at it, because he felt, in broaching the subject, that it was beyond his power of language to do it justice; Governor Hoffman, in his message, luxuriates in the charming prospect; Lieutenant Governor Beach opens the State Senate in an unctuous thanksgiving, and Speaker Hitchman, in his congratulations to the Assembly, looks up as terrific to his enemies as Goliath, the staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam, or like the jibboom of a three-masted schooner, and as the giant of the Philistines defied the armies of Israel so Hitchman defies the powers of Congress. We have had a mighty revolution in New York, in an election which went by default, and the first manifestations at Albany are very much like the preliminary outpourings of the French National Assembly against Louis Sixteenth and his dynasty.

The first business motion in the Senate is from Mr. Tweed, in the form of a resolution to repeal, rescind, annul, upset, abolish and recall the ratification of New York of the fifteenth amendment. Wherefore? Because it is apprehended that the power given to Congress in said amendment to enforce negro suffrage "by appropriate legislation" means the power to take the machinery of our elections out of the hands of Tammany Hall—an invasion of State and democratic rights which would reverse the vote of the Empire State the first pop and every time, in a radical regulation of repeaters and in a republican counting of the ballots. The issue is thus fairly joined—Tweed against Grant. On this fifteenth amendment the balance of power seems to be with Grant; but Tweed's is the voice of the "unfettered" New York democracy; and in this motion he is striking for New York, Hoffman and the next Presidency, and peradventure for the Collector.

But it is in Mr. Creamer's first proposition in the Senate—the repeal of the Excise law—that we have the breaking of the ground towards the coming millennium of the faithful on this blessed democratic island. The repeal of the Excise law! A good beginning. We had supposed it would be the repeal of the bothersome Registry law; but that will come in good time. Mr. Creamer knows what's what. Time was when "free soil, free speech, free labor and free men" was the winning war cry. "Free love" is somewhat now the fashion, and is a powerful idea among strong-minded women and weak-minded men; but the legend of "free lager and free whiskey" overtops them all. The poetical excise officer, Burns, tells how "the de'il" once came to town.

And ran away with the excise man. And among the masses in every land, from that day to this, the excise man has been a nuisance. Mr. Creamer knows how it is among the rank and file of his balliwick, and that to him his bill will be a second declaration of independence. No more spies or informers, no more stopping of licenses, no more slipping around the corner to the back door on Sunday, and no more fears of the police.

This is the beginning; but mark the glorious programme. All the city boards and commissions, police and all, under the Mayor, and all the local legislation for them coming from the City Councils and the Mayor; and as there are henceforth to be no more bothering registrations of voters, and as everything is to be democratic, it will be absurd to keep up an opposition party. Therefore, all the men of this island, not employed by General Grant, will become democrats, and they will all be made rich from the spoils. The democratic majority in this city next fall (as there will be a vigorous republican fight in the rural districts) will be about one hundred and fifty thousand, and the tax levy will be perfectly splendid. New York is to be made a splendid city, and it will take five hundred millions in improvements to give it a good start towards the splendors of Paris as it now stands from the work of Baron Haussmann. But these five hundred millions drawn from the property holders will go among the working masses, and the working masses are the democracy, barring the lucky ones of the ring.

Such is the glorious prospect before us of this happy island. The city is to govern itself out and out; and as the city is democratic, and as democracy means the will of the people, and as it is the will of this people to be released from all these despotic radical restraints upon their liberty, even so shall it be. Some old fogies are afraid that the municipal government thus foreshadowed will largely increase the sale of pistols for personal security, but we think that it will only be in New York a democratic year of jubilee.

OUR CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICAN BUDGET.—We publish in another column the latest intelligence from the Central and South American republics. Generally speaking affairs are very quiet throughout. A most disastrous fire raged in Valparaiso and many buildings, among which was the British Consulate, were destroyed. The Paraguayan war still drags slowly along, and Lopez was still at large, but where it is impossible to tell.

## The Paraguayan War—President Lopez's Son in Washington.

So varied and conflicting have been the accounts from time to time regarding the progress of the war in Paraguay that it is next to an impossibility to form any correct estimate of the real state of affairs. Some time since we had occasion to inquire into the progress of the war, and we were not a little surprised to find that, notwithstanding an enormous expenditure of men, money and time by the allies, the only result accomplished was the over-running of Paraguay by hostile armies in the fruitless attempt to subjugate its people and capture the acknowledged head of its government. Driven from the capital, routed from the principal cities, forced to retreat from his strongholds and compelled to take refuge in the mountains, President Lopez has proven himself a soldier of great genius and one of the most remarkable men of modern times. The army opposed to him has always been far superior in numbers, equipments and supplies. He has suffered from every disadvantage, and his only reliance was a thorough knowledge of the country, the belief in the final triumph of his cause, and a conviction that the Paraguayan people were with him. As moral support this was all very well; but in the trying hour of battle or when disaster after disaster had overtaken him something more was needed, and this was supplied in his remarkable skill as a soldier and his ability to triumph even in defeat.

When the war first broke out in Paraguay the United States had its accredited representative in the republic, but during the struggle the minister was withdrawn, and from that time to the present we have had no means of ascertaining correctly the real state of affairs within the Paraguayan republic. This is not as it should be. The United States should have its representative at Asuncion, where Señor Paranhos, a Brazilian lawyer, runs the provisional government, ostensibly under the supervision of the allies, but in reality in the interest of the Brazilian empire. It is time, therefore, that the American government should know the real condition of things in Paraguay, and we are pleased to hear that Señor Emeliano Lopez, a son of the indomitable South American hero, has arrived in Washington. He comes here prepared to make such representations to the American government as may tend to alter the opinions of many who were led away by Brazilian announcements. Señor Lopez laughs at the idea of the annihilation of his father, and he says significantly that events will soon prove who is the master of the situation. Possibly the latest reports from Rio were not so very far out of the way. The Paraguayan war is ended and the allied army is to return home, we are told; but the very vague statement that the whereabouts of Lopez was unknown looks strange enough, and may be interpreted differently from what the enemies of Lopez desire. A little time will tell. In the interim we trust that from Washington we may learn something that will sustain the belief that, notwithstanding immense odds and serious disadvantages, a South American republican President fighting at the head of his people was more than a match for a powerful empire, supported by able and willing allies.

## Spain—Another Crisis.

Spain is once again in what we might call agony. For a year and a half nearly she has been before the world in a revolutionary character. During that time we have had no end of promise and failures abundant. There were those who hailed the revolution which sent Isabella adrift with high enthusiasm. There were others who regarded it as the beginning of trouble. Some hoped and believed in Spain. Some pronounced Spain hopelessly incurable. It is not our habit to follow the prophet of evil tidings. We were willing to give Spain a chance. Now, however, that we have had this protracted experience of Spanish incompetency; now that we have seen Spain going about for a year all over Europe and vainly begging a king, and with the facts of the hour before us, we must admit that Buckle's view of Spain is the correct one. Spain, according to that great writer, has been so long steeped in ignorance and misery that there is no hope of any immediate resurrection. Since the days of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second Spain has been going backward year by year. The resurrection must be equally slow. It is now rumored that Serrano will be invested with the sovereign power. It is said also that the Cortes are unwilling to adopt this extreme course. Meanwhile it is a fact that Prim has failed. The refusal of Italy to allow the Duke of Genoa to become a candidate for the Spanish throne made Prim's resignation a necessity. It is also a fact that the parliament of Montpensier have become more active than ever. If it be true that Topete has expressed his willingness to take office the star of Montpensier is fairly in the ascendant. The real question now is whether Prim can do anything. The secondary question is, what will he do? The crisis is such that moments may work wondrous changes, and an extraordinary reaction be heard of at any moment from Madrid.

CUSTOM HOUSE REFORMS.—Collector Grinnell has been unearthing a good many abuses in the Custom House—some of long standing—and has been and is working faithfully in the work of retrenchment and reform, for which he is entitled to credit. We think, however, that in doing justice to Mr. Grinnell we need not do injustice to the late Collector Smythe. He, too, was a faithful officer, and cut down a good many abuses, and he would doubtless have cut off a good many more had he been actively supported at Washington. But his President, Andy Johnson, was too much absorbed in "defending the constitution" to have any time to spare in defending the Treasury; and so Collector Smythe was not properly encouraged in his efforts to save the public money. He did the best he could, and if Andy Johnson had supported him actively, and had devoted a little more attention elsewhere to the Treasury and a little less to his defence of the constitution, General Grant would have had a greatly reduced margin of rascalties to look after. As the facts will show, Mr. Smythe was one of the few of Johnson's collectors who made his own interests subordinate to the interests of the government.

## The Great Day in Vanity Fair.

Once a year they hold in Mr. Beecher's church, and in the full beam of that high-priced parson's patronizing smile, a sort of festival of pride of purse. For one day the parson and the people agree that they will lay aside the Christian pretence and parade themselves boldly, blatantly, with ostentatious disregard to the decencies of religious demeanor, as worshippers of Mammon. They indulge themselves with an orgie. One is elevated in their midst who goes through the formula of a huckstering sale, varying what he has to say with pitiful ribaldry and blasphemous dulness. He is the priest meanwhile, and his ribaldry is the doctrine of the hour. Around him there is full play of vainglory, meanness, the spite of rivalry, all the unchristian characteristics of human nature, and all exactly measured by a money standard. What is it that is bought and sold in this precious circle? Is it the rickety old furniture of a bankrupt hotel? Or a ship load of rotten oranges just in? Or the cheating paper scraps of Wall Street? Or any other of the trumphy and despicable lumber of the world? No! They buy and sell the places in church. They vie with one another in the eager manifestation of a piety that pays and that will have the better of its neighbor at any price.

Is it forbidden to sell the Gospel? Is it forbidden to desecrate the temple and to worship Mammon? Then is this spectacle indecent and this sale wrong; otherwise, and if a man may go to heaven a little faster or a little slower according to his standing in the money market, and if he may facilitate his progress by the devices that give success in the transactions that have upon them the soil of common life, then is this sale an excellent invention. Christ said "Blessed are the meek" and "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" and in these words is the very essence of the revolution by which Christianity overturned heathendom and made the new world with a moral sense. But these words are not in the Gospel, according to the auctioneer of Plymouth church. Standing though they do in the place of honor among all the words of Christ, they are tabooed as the delusion of an age that did not understand trade. In their place they say "Blessed is the proud man who bids high," and "Blessed is the heaviest purse, for it shall have the best place." Suppose that one should attend this sale intent to act according to these words of Christ that these men all pretend to reverse, would he not excite the same wonder that Christian and Hopeful did in Vanity Fair, when "some said they were bedlams and some they were outlandish men?"

No matter. If the Plymouth system is not admired by the world for its adherence to the spirit of what Christ taught it is evidently admired for something it likes better, and in the success of drawing to itself the attention of Fisk, of Erie, it can see the noble measure of its influence on the age; for Fisk is a speculator. He has the keenest nose of the kennel for what pays. He will buy whatever he can sell, and, of course, cares not whether it is this Plymouth "Gospel shop" or one more *opéra bouffe* company. Beecher, therefore, is to be congratulated, with all his saints, that speculation in the seats in his church has fallen into the hands of so ripe a master as the great gold moulder and operator in Erie and Great Western—the magnificent master of many and indiscriminate sensations.

THE SEQUEL TO THE ROGERS MURDER.—One year and four days ago Charles M. Rogers was killed at his own door, in broad daylight, by a ruffian whom circumstances at the time and subsequently on the inquest pointed out to be one James Logan. Several James Logans were arrested at the time, and, for the purpose of convenience, they were classed as No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3. The James Logan who was classed as No. 2 was shot and fatally wounded in an affray on East Houston street, at an early hour yesterday morning, and now lies in a dying condition at Bellevue Hospital. With him, probably, lies the only hope of ever clearing up the Rogers mystery. He has made no statement yet, but it may be because he does not believe he is dying. It behooves the officers of the hospital or those attending him to watch and take down carefully his last words, for they may be of more importance than his whole life has been.

CONFESSION OF BUCKHOUT.—Backhouth, the murderer of his wife and Mr. Rendall, in Westchester, made a confession yesterday while partially under the influence of chloroform, administered to him to test the truth of his pretended insanity. He says he killed his wife because she was unfaithful to him, and he does not know why he killed Rendall. As so many cases of this kind occur in which a plea of insanity is entered, the success of this experiment by chloroform is a matter of congratulation. Hereafter, when a murderer pleads insanity, put him under the influence of chloroform, and if he proves his insanity in that way send him to the insane asylum.

THE COUNTERFEIT SWINDLERS.—Judge Bedford has done another good thing for which he deserves the thanks of the community. He yesterday sentenced David H. Smythe, one of the notorious counterfeit swindlers of the city who carry on business by tempting their customers to invest in what they claim to be excellent imitations of the genuine currency, and then to save themselves from the law hold back the counterfeiters and palm off on their unwitting confederate a mass of waste paper. They are generally secure in their rascality, because their victim cannot complain without implicating himself. But yesterday Judge Bedford caught one of these sinners on the hip and sent him up for five years, amid applause in all parts of the court room.

ARIZONA.—Governor Stanford, of Arizona, who is on his way to Washington, gave our reporter yesterday his views in regard to the mode of dealing with the hostile Indians in that country. It seems the Apaches, who number twenty thousand, overrun the Territory, and are of the old treacherous stripe of savages who hold to the torture and the stake in dealing with their captives, and have not been demoralized into civilization and peaceableness by bad whiskey. The military force in the Territory is about one thousand five hundred men, and is, of course, wholly inadequate. Governor Stanford suggests that more cavalry be sent to the Territory, or that volunteers from among the miners and farmers be allowed to take the field.

## Dress Fashions in Rome—A Brilliant Scene, from the Casacco to the Crown.

The persons who have been engaged in prophesying that nothing good or useful or enduring would come from the Ecumenical Council in Rome are likely to be sorely disappointed. They receive, in truth, the shock of the first counterblast to their predictions to-day by the publication in our pages of letters from our special fashions correspondent, who writes from the centre of unity—the point of harmony as it were of cosmopolitan, world-wide costumes—under date of the 18th of December. Journeying from Egypt the writer was enabled, compelled it may be said, to contrast in retrospect the simplicity, the garb and the mission of Joseph of old, as well as the vast amount of trouble which came to him about one single cup, with the splendor of the casacos, the costliness of the robes, the blazo of the mitres and croziers, and of the gems which stud the chalcies of those who have repaired to the land of Christian promise so as to garner a stock of food sufficient for the relief of the spiritual famine of the hour.

After passing the wayside tombs